

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



HERR WECHTER CALMS THE TUMULT OF THE PEOPLE.

THE SIEGE OF STRALSUND.

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CHAPTER I.

THERE was a strange and unusual commotion in the streets of the city of Stralsund one morning in April, 1628. The year was yet young, but the weather was warm and beautiful. The streets were crowded. Rich and poor, old and young, were flocking out of doors. The morning salutation was pro-

longed, to discuss some seemingly exciting topic, and every one directed his steps to one particular point within the city, where, to all appearances, something of importance was about to take place.

And so indeed there was. Though the weather looked peaceful, there was war at its very gates; and while nature began its new life, the cold hand of death was ready to fasten upon the city. For some days it had been surrounded by an imperial army under General Count Arnheim, and the town council

had been summoned, in the name of the Catholic League and the Emperor of Germany, to accept an imperial garrison. Unable to give an immediate reply, the city had asked for a respite of some days, in order that a question which presented on every side the gravest difficulties might be fully considered. On the one hand, if they opened their gates to Arnheim, Stralsund, one of the strongholds of the Lutherans, would fall a prey to the Emperor of Germany, the staunch friend of the Jesuits and the implacable enemy of Protestantism. Should they refuse, on the other hand, all the horrors of a siege, the end of which it was impossible to foresee, were before them. The disposition of the imperial forces was already too well known to leave much doubt about the determination, the courage, and the cruelty which the besieged were likely to encounter. The victories which they had gained, and the towns which they had taken and sacked, made even the invincibility of Stralsund, the strongest of all the Hanse towns, a mere assumption.

Indeed, so thoroughly convinced were the inhabitants of their own inability to sustain a siege, that they would probably have made but little resistance if they had depended upon no one but themselves. The danger, however, had threatened for months. The imperial army had been in the neighbourhood and had subdued every town, and the Stralsunders knew very well that when every other stronghold had been conquered their turn would be sure to come. Ambassadors had therefore been sent to the various Protestant powers. A Danish force had already arrived, with a promise of more help should it be required. Sweden, too, had sent some ships with money and provisions; and had besought the city for the sake of the Protestant cause to hold out to the very last; while it was confidently expected that it would send a still more considerable force as soon as it had concluded peace with Russia.

The town council, therefore, thought itself justified in determining to close its gates and refusing to listen to the summons; but, as in so important a matter it was incumbent upon them fully to ascertain the popular spirit, they convened a meeting on the market-place of all the inhabitants above the age of twenty-two; and it is to that spacious square that the people are now crowding. We beg the reader to follow us to one of the spires of the church of St. Nicholas and survey the scene below us. A large square, densely packed, and every street leading to it crowded, the windows of every house filled with spectators, and here and there a banner with the Stralsunder arms painted on it;—this is what we see; but we do not see the people's faces. These are all turned from us towards a square brick building opposite, and from that quarter too the tones of a voice reach our ears. They proceed from that man who stands on the flight of steps surrounded by about a dozen others, for he gesticulates somewhat vehemently, and turns hither and thither to the crowd.

"Why" (such are the words that reach us) "do we find our fellow-creatures in other countries so oppressed and persecuted? Why do we hear and read of streams of blood which have been flowing, and are flowing now incessantly, in countries where the unhappy people are not even allowed to worship God after their conscience? I tell ye, burghers, it is because the people had not the courage to make a determined stand for their rights and their liberties; because they lacked unity; because they lacked

faith; because they could not believe that the same God who enabled David to slay the giant will help us to resist an enemy not half so dreadful." A burst of cheers here rose up from the people.

"When I look at that church," he continued, pointing to the structure opposite him, "I thank God from the bottom of my heart that the pure gospel, which that man of God the great Luther brought to light again, has been preached there now for nearly a century; and I hope you do the same. But if you prefer having it converted into a Popish church, and having the city full of priests and Jesuits, at whose appearance your only hope of liberty will fly, then admit Arnheim and his imperial garrison at once. Now is the time, burghers, to give a noble example of that disinterestedness, that courage, which prompts a Christian to part with all he esteems most valuable and cherished on earth, rather than lose his liberty of religion and his honour before God and man. Now is the time to show that you love your creed, not only in prosperity but in adversity. Our town is strong, our burghers are stout and valiant men, and the kings of Sweden and Denmark have both promised us assistance in men and money, but our greatest strength lies in yonder house of prayer, for we know that the help we get there is a match for a hundred Arnheims and Wallensteins."

The speaker, who occupied the post of syndic to the town, sat down amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the people. His animated words had produced upon the multitudes an impression which was very welcome to the council; and when he had taken his seat amongst them, the burgomaster, Andreas Wurzhelm, rose immediately, and, beckoning with his hand, converted the noise that filled the air into a profound silence. He then announced that the town-clerk would read the points upon which the council had come to a decision. They were as follows:—

1st. To abide faithfully, under the present dangerous circumstances, by the true religion as expressed in the Augsburg (i.e. Lutheran) Confession; to contend for it and for the common liberty, and for the privileges and welfare of the town; and to stake life and fortune in their defence.

2nd. To continue faithful to the holy Roman empire, but at the same time,

3rd. Not to suffer any foreign garrison to enter within the town, no matter who should require it.

4th. To give due honour to the honourable council as the power ordained by God.

5th. To obey the appointed chiefs and officers.

6th. To remain faithfully at the appointed post; to abstain from unnecessary firing; and from carousing at the watches.

7th. To behave as peaceful neighbours towards one's fellow-burghers; to avoid all factionness, quarrels, and disorder; and, in case some disputes should arise, not to permit an affray to ensue at the watches or barracks, but to bring the matter before the legal judges.

These points were submitted to the assembly to be sworn to with a solemn oath. The clerk read them thrice with a loud voice, and each time the hearty cheers of the audience assured him of their unanimous consent to the propositions. But alas! the human mind, then as now, never sure of itself for one moment, would have presented a singular exception indeed if that last resolution, so frankly accepted with the rest, had taken as firm a hold upon the wills and conduct of the assembly as the preceding six.

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The town council was already congratulating itself upon the unexpected issue of the meeting, and the cheering of the people had gradually given way to a deep silence, as every one felt the importance of the moment, when a man ascended the steps whose appearance mightily affected the crowd. As if seized by an irresistible impulse, it waved to and fro like a corn-field agitated by the wind, hats were raised in the air, hands shaken in a threatening manner, and the deep and solemn silence of the preceding moment was replaced by hoots and hisses, by sharp cries, and by such shouts as "No, no! No Calvinist! No Heidelberger! They are worse than Papists."

And who, then, was this Calvinist, this Heidelberger, this worse than Papist? An elderly man, of very venerable appearance—such as the old painters loved to take as models for the apostles—in clerical dress, with a fire in his fine eyes that belied the wrinkles in his face and the greyiness of his beard, and with a determination and an eagerness in his gestures, as he beckons the people to be silent and hear his words, that bespeak the enthusiast. It was Pastor Hermann, the minister of the small Reformed church that congregated in the town, and as zealous an antagonist of the Lutheran as of the Catholic doctrines. His efforts to obtain a hearing would probably have proved fruitless had not the burgomaster come to his aid, and subdued sufficiently the outburst of passion to remonstrate with the audience.

"Children," he said, "what conduct is this? What a commencement of our endeavours to avoid all factiousness and quarrels! Would ye refuse to Pastor Hermann, as good a citizen as the best of us, a right ye claim for yourselves? Have ye forgotten how at the time of the epidemic he nearly lost his life in visiting the sick? Did any of you refuse to hear him then? Fie, children, fie!"

There was a mixture of applause and murmur, and though the latter was far the stronger, silence reigned at last, and the clear deep voice of the Reformed pastor sounded over the square.

"Burghers! I have listened to the propositions just read, and I subscribe to them and will swear to them with all my heart. But I feel it my duty solemnly to protest against the first of them. I deny that the true religion is expressed in the Augsburg Confession.

A great tumult here prevented the bold if not reckless speaker from proceeding. "Down with the heretic!" "Out of the town with him!" "Burn him!" Such were the cries that met him. And some of the lower class evidently tried to push forward and pull the imprudent man from the portico; but a body of armed constables interposed, and restored some sort of order.

One of the counsellors now rose. It was the archivarius Johann Knittel, a red-faced man, apparently of a nervous constitution.

"I have always esteemed our pastor Hermann highly, though he has false views upon religion," he said; "but I have also greatly deplored his fanatic zeal. I am sorry he has not yet unlearned the lessons of his teacher, the famous professor, Abraham Scultetus,* who said that he would rather marry his daughter to a Turk than to a Lutheran. I say—"

"And what did your friend the court chaplain, Matthias Hoe von Hoënegg, say?" shouted the pastor,

indignantly. "Did he not say that he would rather leave Bohemia in the hands of the Jesuits than deliver it into the clutches of Calvin, by giving it a Reformed king?"

"And he was right too!" cried several persons from below.

"He was not!" cried a Calvinist in the crowd, taking courage to support his pastor; "if there were no more difference between us and the Papist than there is between you and—"

The tumult now became so uproarious, and assumed such a threatening aspect, that the terrified council, not prepared for a like reception of its peaceful propositions, was at a loss what to do. It was to be feared that words would lead to blows, and that the few adherents of Calvin who had appeared on the square would fare badly in a fray with their numerous and hot-headed antagonists. At this moment a man appeared on the scene who was hailed alike by the people and the council with hearty cheers. It was Herr Wechter, one of the magistrates, and one of the wealthiest citizens of Stralsund. And he was about the only man who at this moment could have come forward to soothe both parties without incurring the hatred or displeasure of at least one of them. Father Wechter, as he was called, was a thorough Calvinist, and never had there been one moment in his life in which he had not openly acknowledged his adherence to that form of faith. But his amiable disposition, his benevolence, his upright dealing with every one, his sympathy with the poor, made him the most popular man in the city. Where others were scoffed and sneered at, he was listened to with respect, or at least without insult, and so great was his personal influence that his appearance among the magistrates was a sign for immediate silence.

"Silence there! Let us hear what Father Wechter has to say! He is always right, somehow!" Such were the ejaculations from the crowd; and in a few moments he was able to make his voice heard to the farthest end of the square.

"Children," he said, "I am grieved to find that on such an occasion as this there should be such unseemly behaviour. I have lived for thirty years in this city; there are but few faces that I do not know, and I could not count all the big men whom I have known when they were babes. But had I known that they would have conducted themselves thus, I would have been ashamed to—"

A good-humoured laugh ran through the crowd and assured him that he had reached his point.

"Is this, citizens," he said, "the talk and the conduct of wise men? Is this the time and place for theological controversies? I thought we had assembled here to agree upon mutual measures of defence, but I fear that our greatest enemy lies in our midst, for assuredly a city divided against itself shall not stand. The town is in great danger, the imperials are powerful and unsparing, and if we do not love each other in brotherly unity, the Lord God shall surely deliver us into their hands. You know, all of you, that I am a Reformed Christian, but I hope you also know that I love the Lutheran Christians as my brethren. ("True, true! Go on!") I cannot give my adherence to the Augsburg Confession as an expression of my personal belief. But this is *not* required in the first of the seven points now before us. We Calvinists have simply to choose which of the two, the Augsburg or the Popish Confession, we will in the present perilous circumstances defend.

* Abraham Scultetus, or rather Shultet, an eminent Calvinist, to whom these words have been ascribed. They give an idea of the spirit of faction of those days, 1599—1695.

And in this alternative I do not for one moment hesitate to choose the former. The Augsburg Confession, whatever it may or may not be in other respects, is a Protestant Confession. (Loud applause.) Luther was a Protestant, nay, the father of all Protestantism. Were the choice between Luther and Calvin, I would prefer the latter; but as it is Luther or the Pope, I say Luther, and say it with all my heart. (Loud cheering of both parties, as each deemed its own side victorious.) If it be understood that my oath does not imply any personal adherence to the Augsburg Confession as a perfect expression of my faith, I will take it immediately and with all my heart."

An outburst of enthusiasm such as baffles all description greeted this firm and conciliatory speech. When it had subsided, the burgomaster proposed in the name of the council that the resolve desired by Herr Wechter should be added as a clause to the seven points. The oath was then unanimously taken, and the burghers returned home as peaceful as if no disturbance had ever reigned in their midst. But amongst those who took the oath Pastor Hermann was not to be found.

Walking slowly in the direction of his house, Herr Wechter came up with the pastor at the turn of a street. As he put his arm into that of the preacher, the latter gazed at him for a moment with an air of reproach, and shaking his head, he said in a somewhat stern voice, "And is this proclaiming your faith boldly, Herr Wechter?"

"My dear pastor," answered Wechter, pressing his hand and feigning astonishment, "are you not content with what I have said?"

"How can I be?" said the pastor. "You did nothing less than approve of the Augsburg Confession—a work of the devil, and not worthy of perusal."

"Nay, dear pastor," answered Wechter, reproachingly, "it is not a work of the devil, but of holy, though imperfect men. I did not say that I approved of it, but that I preferred it a thousand times to the Roman doctrines. And do not you?"

"Well, yes," answered Hermann, after a moment's pause; "but still you should have denounced it. Never was there a better opportunity to show all its imperfections and faults."

"Nay, never was there a better opportunity to show each other cordial love in Christ. Remember, dear pastor, that it is written, 'The greatest of these is charity.' There are no Lutherans or Calvinists in heaven, and if there must be on earth, let us, at any rate, not hate each other."

CHAPTER II.

THE resolutions thus taken by the people of Stralsund were carried out. A refusal was sent to Arnheim. The town was put in a state of siege; its gates were closed, its citizens were armed, and every preparation made for executing their bold and noble plans. On the other hand, the imperial general immediately settled down before it. Trenches and breastworks began to surround the city, and the thunder of a hundred pieces of artillery shook the foundations of the church of St. Nicholas. It will not be out of place here to relate some of the circumstances which gave rise to this state of affairs.

The arms of the Emperor and of the Catholic League were victorious in Germany. Bohemia, the first scene of the war, was once more entirely in their

hands. The newly elected king, whose forces had been defeated in one battle before the walls of Prague while he was banqueting within, had fled to his father-in-law, James I of England. His principal general, Mathias Count Thurn, after having marched to Vienna and back without effecting anything but the ruin of his army, had crossed over to Sweden. Those two adventurers, Count Mansfeldt and the Duke of Brunswick, whose armies of volunteers and outlaws subsisted entirely upon the spoil of the territories in which they happened to be, for some time successfully opposed Tilly. But want of money and the inevitable destitution which they spread around them, and from which Tilly would not allow them to escape, forced them to disband their troops and seek a shelter in the Netherlands. The ex-king of Bohemia, who had hoped to be able to save at least that part of his dominion which he had inherited as elector-palatine, found himself deprived even of his palatinate, and saw the Duke of Bavaria solemnly invested with his forfeited rights.

The Protestant princes, who had remained inactive, became seriously alarmed at the turn events had taken. The Protestant Union possessed no firm and acknowledged head; its members, mistrustful of each other and ambitious for themselves, had allowed the time to slip by without coming to any active measures. But when they saw the elector-palatine's army defeated, and Mansfeldt and Brunswick's forces disbanded, when, nevertheless, Tilly's army remained in the field and the emperor assumed each day a more independent tone, it occurred to them that their territories might follow the palatinate, unless they averted the danger. An alliance was therefore formed for mutual protection.

Christian, king of Denmark, belonged to the Union as Duke of Holstein. Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, was induced to join; James I of England promised his assistance; subsidies were negotiated for in the Netherlands, in France, and in some of the Italian republics, and the princes of the circle of Lower Saxony exerted all their powers to raise an army of their own. It was at the same time officially declared in Vienna that these preparations were made with no view to hostile aggression, but simply as a means of defence, and that the princes of the Union were as loyal as ever. The emperor, in answer to this declaration, required them to give proof of this loyalty by laying down their arms. Instead of this, the princes redoubled their efforts, and were soon in a position to defy the emperor.

The ambitious king of Denmark, wishing to be the head of the armed Union, and to gain for himself the military renown to which he aspired, entered Germany with an army of 60,000 men. At this welcome renewal of hostilities Count Mansfeldt and the Duke of Brunswick left their retreat in the Netherlands, once more assembled a band of adventurers around them, and recommenced their old practices of fishing in troubled waters. For what was more probable than that they should have reaped a good harvest in the exceedingly troubled waters of Germany, had affairs gone exactly as they had calculated? They expected, and not without some show of reason, that help, either in the shape of money or of armies, would be sent from Sweden, from England, and from the Netherlands. They were confident that Richelieu would send a French army into Alsace, and would rouse the Italian states that were dependent on Austria, so that on the south and west of Europe her

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arms would be fully engaged. They themselves would then, in conjunction with two other armies, be opposed to the single forces of Count Tilly; the defeat of Austria on all sides would be inevitable; the rich territories of the League would lie entirely undefended; and what was to prevent them marching to Vienna itself?

Nothing but the fickleness of human promises and calculations. Sweden, conducting an advantageous war with Poland and Russia, was not inclined to accept a secondary position. It stood aloof and awaited the result of Denmark's expedition. The Netherlands found that they had as much as they could manage in defending themselves against Spain and retaining those provinces which they held before the twelve years' armistice. England sent a small contribution in money and many promises. France remained for the moment inactive. The Italian states prudently postponed their rising, and allowed the imperial cabinet of Vienna to turn its attention entirely to the affairs of the Union. And, to crown all, instead of finding themselves opposed by one, the counts found that they had to deal with two formidable armies, one of which was constructed on the same principle as their own and headed by a more brilliant general. The Duke of Waldstein or Wallenstein, a colonel of Hussars in the army of the League, whose possessions in Hungary gave him the enjoyments of a princely fortune, saw that it was a thorn in the emperor's flesh to be obliged to leave the defence of his empire to the army of Bavaria. Wallenstein's name was already known by his brilliant exploits against the Turks, and his extraordinary daring, coupled with a liberality which no one but himself could afford, made him the idol of his regiment. When he therefore offered to the emperor to raise and maintain an army at his own expense, and use it solely in the emperor's service, provided he were invested with the title of generalissimo, his offer, eccentric and impossible though it looked, was accepted. In less than three months the impossible had been done. Wallenstein was at the head of an army of 30,000 men. Tilly commanded a somewhat larger force, and the Union had to fight its way to peace as best it could.

In the two years which now elapsed, from the beginning of 1626 to 1628, after a series of skirmishes, battles, marches, and counter-marches, Wallenstein and Tilly were completely victorious. Mansfeldt, finding the waters somewhat too troubled for him, marched with his army right across Germany into Hungary, where, finding no employment for his troops, he was compelled to disband them. He then travelled on towards Venice, but died before arriving there a melancholy and solitary death. The Duke of Brunswick soon followed him to the grave.

The king of Denmark, although endowed with great personal courage, was equally unfortunate. Opposed to two such experienced generals, he was defeated at every point. His army, seriously diminished in number, drew back into Holstein, and was pursued by Wallenstein. The princes of the Union, abandoned to their own resources, were compelled to make peace at any price. Brandenburg, Holstein, and Mecklenburg, which latter the Duke of Wallenstein had received from the emperor for his pains, were overrun by his army, and the towns forced to receive imperial garrisons and acknowledge the right of the Duke of Bavaria to the palatinate.

It was at this moment, in the beginning of 1628,

that Stralsund resolved to close its gates and refuse to receive the imperial garrison. Previous to the scene described in our opening chapter, Arnheim had quietly taken possession of the little island of Danholm, which lay immediately in front of the town at about the distance of a mile, and from which, had he been able to keep it, the town might have been brought to terms in a few days. A sharp contest in the dead of night had resulted in their being driven from the little island, and the Danish ships, which had brought over four companies of soldiers, had destroyed every boat and raft, by means of which the attempt might have been renewed.

As soon as Arnheim received the refusal, he established his batteries opposite two of the three principal gates of the city. Stralsund presented the appearance of an isosceles triangle, with its base resting upon the Baltic. At each of the angles there was a strong gate, with a bridge across the immense ditch. The two gates at the sea side, of which that to the east was called the Franken Thor, and that to the west the Knipes Thor, did not communicate immediately with the town, but opened upon the broad and spacious quay. This quay, however, was divided from the town by a high and well-defended wall, in which six gates gave access to as many streets, the heavy iron doors of which were closed at night, so that even if the two gates were taken and the quay in the enemy's hands, the town was not by any means hopelessly lost.

During the month of May the siege was carried on with great vigour. Twice the Knipes and Franken Thors had been stormed, but the courage and determination of the citizens had braved the danger. At another time, while the greater part of the inhabitants were in the churches one Sunday morning, a woman, who happened to walk on the outer wall, saw what looked to her like preparations for attack. Giving herself but little time to verify her observation, she ran to the neighbouring guard-house, where no one was conscious of the approaching danger, and seizing a drum flung it round her neck, and ran through the town beating the alarm. In a very few moments the alarmed garrison poured out of the churches and to the walls, where the imperials had already gained some advantages. For some hours that Sunday morning the fate of the town was despaired of, but when the sun declined in his course the imperials were once more defeated, and one outpost was all they gained by the loss of several hundred men. This happened on the 2nd of June.

The citizens, however, foresaw that it would be useless to continue the resistance unless some help arrived from without. That same Sunday afternoon it was resolved to send an embassy to Wallenstein, whose principal army lay at the time in the environs of Frankfort, and learn on what terms he could be induced to raise the siege. Curiously enough, a few hours after the ship with the embassy had sailed, four companies of Danes and two Swedes and Scots arrived in the town, bringing with them a considerable quantity of ammunition and provisions. It was then unanimously resolved to continue the siege, unless Wallenstein should make such terms as could be accepted by the town without compromise. The deputation, however, soon returned with the news that Wallenstein had made worse terms than before—had threatened them with terrible vengeance, and had sworn that were the town tied to heaven with iron chains he would tear it away and make it his.

On the 16th of June the siege was renewed with vigour, Arnheim having allowed it to slacken a little while. The deputation was yet on its way. On the 18th, Wallenstein himself suddenly broke up his camp, and passed Frankfort on his way to Stralsund. On the 30th another Swedish reinforcement entered the city, not, however, without having to sustain a severe cannonade from the imperial coast batteries. On the 1st of July the sun rose gloriously over the city, and promised a magnificent day. And now we request our readers to follow us to a small house in the city, round which for a time our attention must circle.

THE BIRDS OF LONDON.

II.

THE beautiful combination of park and woodland which is known as Kensington Gardens is, as we have seen, the resort of wild birds of species which are commonly supposed to be far too shy to live surrounded by many square miles of houses. The presence there of the wood-pigeon and the hawk, for example, would hardly be looked for by the ornithologist, much less by the average observer. "Jays, magpies, and hawks of all kinds, are rarely or never seen at all within at least seven miles of the mighty Babylon," says Mr. Shirley Hibberd, writing in one of our natural history magazines in 1865. We have already shown that the hawk must be excepted from this statement, as the Nelson Column and the vane of Bow Church, in addition to the trees of Kensington Gardens, could testify. The writer has himself seen within the last twelvemonth a hawk mousing round a haystack within half a mile of the most crowded part of Paddington. Jays are certainly scarcer, but as for magpies, Mr. Yarren has counted twenty-eight together in Kensington Gardens, and many instances are on record of still larger flocks having been seen there at evening.

Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, and St. James's Park, form a continuous tract of not less than 600 acres, extending from Whitehall to Kensington. Over this spot there come every spring-time little winged travellers from southern Europe, the Mediterranean, and Africa, to revisit the land of their birth. No wonder that in eyeing such a tempting spot they stop in their inland flight and descend to sojourn for a day or two. Some, as we have seen, stay altogether, find their mates, and breed in Kensington Gardens. In the more umbrageous spots, where the trees are tall and thick in foliage, and the bushes dense and scrubby, a safe covert is found even by some of the most timid of the bird tribe, who here enjoy an immunity from harm not inferior to that which the open country can afford.

Next to Kensington Gardens the Londoner, if he live in the west, claims Battersea Park as one of the most favourite refuges for birds, both residents and migrants. Battersea Park owes its chief reputation for birds to its famous starling-roost. The place has somehow become the common rendezvous of the west-end starlings of London at the close of the summer. In September these handsome birds may be seen in Battersea Park literally in tens of thousands after the flight of the new broods and the abandonment of the nests. The sight is most beauti-

ful and astonishing. Before retiring for the night to roost among the willows of the tree-clad island, the vast army of birds is seen on a fine evening executing the most singular and intricate evolutions in the air, to the admiration of crowds of visitors from all parts of London who know of the regular recurrence of the spectacle. A starling-roost is a very uncommon sight near London, especially on so grand a scale as at Battersea Park. The damage done in osier-beds of the fen country by starling-roosts is well known, and even the mature trees of Battersea Park in some years suffer considerably from the visitation. But a starling-roost once established is not easily abolished.

The moorhens of Battersea Park are, perhaps, a more interesting example of rural life in London. The history of the colony, as told to the writer by the late Mr. Gibson, who laid out Battersea Park and established that delight of Londoners, the "sub-tropical garden," is an entertaining one. The other water-fowl were placed in the park to stock the waters for ornamental purposes, but the moorhens are self-invited guests. Shortly after the formation of the park, Mr. Gibson observed on a winter's morning, in severe weather, a flock of about half-a-dozen of our little friends, with their bright red bills and green-gartered legs. They were as shy and reclusive and as artful in concealing themselves as ever gunner or water-spaniel could desire.

They had probably been frozen out of other waters, and so were in search of a fresh home. The next year the colony had multiplied, and two other nests were found in the low trees not far from the water. Mr. Gibson used to watch them, as they grew tamer year by year, conveying their young ones in their claws to the water immediately on the breaking of the eggs. One day he called the writer's attention to the sight of a moorhen walking cleverly along the branch of a tree. The fact of the moorhen being a perching bird, building in low bushy trees as well as in reeds, may be new to some readers. Visitors to Battersea Park to-day will find the moorhen a semi-domesticated bird, but as excellent a swimmer and diver as ever, making no stay anywhere, and always on the move.

But Kensington Gardens and Battersea Park are far from having a monopoly of the wild birds which frequent the metropolis. East-enders tell proudly of the willow-clad islands of Victoria Park, and the sanctuary they afford to the songsters of the grove. From personal observation we should perhaps give the preference to Regent's Park, where the shrubberies near the Botanic Gardens and the Zoological Gardens afford safe covert to scores of nightingales. In the past month of May Dr. Hart Vinen recorded four nightingales in song together in the shrubberies near the canal, not more than 300 yards from St. John's Wood Chapel, a spot to which they return annually to build and breed. The great open spaces in Regent's Park, like those in Hyde Park, serve to detain our winter migrants—the fieldfares and redwings, which may be seen there in October in flocks.

Let us now turn from the bird-life of the London parks to the bird-life of the streets; from the wild songsters of the woodland and shrubbery to the social birds of the housetops and City trees—the pigeon, the rook, and the sparrow. There are some birds which seem to have been specially "selected" by nature, as Mr. Darwin would say, for City life.

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Where is the Londoner who has not wondered at the demeanour of the pigeons, which, in a state of perfect freedom, choose to live and die, like genuine Londoners, as they are, within the sound of Bow Bells—pigeons whose ancestors took up the "freedom of the City" generations ago? There are colonies of them at Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, and at the South-Eastern Railway Station, London Bridge. "Of what race or descent," says Mr. Hibberd, "of what origin or history, are the Guildhall pigeons? I know not; but if any naturalist inquires after City birds they claim first mention, and might well have a place in the civic emblazonment of arms. It is very rarely one has the audacity to trap or harm a City pigeon. They are as sacred as storks in Holland, and the birds of good omen that build in the temples and residences of classic Greece." The colonies at the Royal Exchange and the South-Eastern Railway at London Bridge are equally respected and cherished, and so are the pigeons at the British Museum, where the capitals and cornices and nooks behind the statues afford lodgment for nests. No wonder that the society of horses is much affected by these bold and familiar birds, who live for the most part on "nose-bag" provender.

The rookeries of London are not so plentiful as they were when Goldsmith gave his interesting account of the colony in the Temple Gardens, but they still linger. The ancient rookery in Gray's Inn Gardens is still tenanted, although it is not so populous as in Sir Roger de Coverley's time. A couple of plane-trees opposite the church in the Marylebone Road are also occupied afresh every spring. Almost every visitor to London notices the remains of the solitary nest in the tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside. Cynical country visitors have looked upon this nest as a snare prepared for them by the artful Londoner to give a rural look to the busiest part of the metropolis, and the honest citizen in whose ground the tree stands has been accused of importing the nest for this purpose from a provincial rookery. But Mr. Alfred Smee, F.R.S., tells us there were four nests in this tree in the year 1850. Mr. Hibberd saw birds there in 1858, but when the rooks finally quitted this tree no man seems able to tell. For several years after their departure the solitary nest we speak of was occupied by sparrows.

But if London rooks can make their home surrounded by a vast mileage of red-tiled housetops, what shall be said to the London sparrow? Who does not know the "sparrows' chapels," as they are called—the noisy congregations which assemble in certain chosen trees in the City which these voluble chirpers have adopted for their exclusive use? There is a notable sparrows' chapel in "Mr. Broom's plane-tree," as it is called, in Stationers' Hall Court, just off Ludgate Hill. Here a beautiful sight of hundreds of sparrows visibly at roost, early in the evening, before the warehouses are closed, may be seen. They are seen, unfortunately, by stone-throwing boys sometimes. Another sparrows' chapel is in the tree at the corner of Wood Street, and another at the foot of Southwark Bridge. Another is in a fine old poplar at the junction of Goswell Road and City Road, near the Angel, and many more might be mentioned. Our little friend is indeed the commonest of all common birds, but he is well worth watching. On the diversity of habits of the sparrow a great deal might be written. "I have seen them," says the author of the "Birds of Middlesex," "dart into

the air like a fly-catcher to seize a passing insect, and then climb a tree, inspecting every crevice like a creeper." As for nesting-places, no building seems too new or too good for them. From the first they adopted the ornate canopies of the new Houses of Parliament, and at this moment the straws of their nests hang from the delicate capitals of the Marble Arch, amid the Carrara marble foliage. Unfortunately, the London sparrow is much subject to the disease from which the grouse have been suffering. Perhaps his food is too plentiful as well as too artificial.

Then what of the house-martins, the daws, and the magpies of London? But these we must leave for the present, although the subject is a tempting one. Enough has been said to show that Londoners have not yet had to adopt artificial nests to attract birds, as the Parisians do in the Bois de Boulogne, and that a little observation will surprise, entertain, and instruct us with the varied and flourishing bird-population which continues to live in our midst.

PORT ROYAL.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK ARNOLD.

IV.

THE schools of Port Royal are eminently deserving of remark. St. Cyran commenced them, who intensely loved all children. The Jesuits were hitherto chiefly famous for their schools, but the Jansenists now surpassed them in their methods. The schools of Port Royal never received that expansion which they so eminently deserved; but still they have produced many great names and many admirable works.

Till comparatively recent date the Port Royal grammars of French, Italian, and Latin were in constant use in English schools. The Port Royal Logic has only been recently edited anew by one of our best modern logicians. John Wesley's "Compendium of Logic," an admirable one in its way, might be compared with it. Their manuals were by far the best of that day, and considerably in advance of their age. Their schools were called Les Petites Ecoles de Port Royal, and it is not likely that the number of the pupils ever exceeded fifty. Boys of doubtful character or disposition were sent away immediately. The Port Royalists considered that the masters should be more numerous in proportion to the scholars than is ordinarily the case; that the great object was to train up Christians rather than scholars; that the great instruments of school-government are love and prayer; that teachers must act from motives of love and charity, and with constant prayerful watchfulness. They mixed with study a large amount of recreation and physical employment. One great name in the schools is the loving and childlike Lancelot. One of their most famous writers was Nicolo, the great novelist of Port Royal and of France. Racine was one of the most illustrious pupils of Port Royal. He was taught in boyhood at the famous buildings of Les Granges, where many recluses lived on the height opposite Port Royal, and was the pupil of Lancelot and Nicolo. His connection with the stage led to a long estrangement from his friends. But his heart always turned to Port Royal; in his old age he once more resorted there, and mainly consecrated his powers to

sacred poetry. He had the honour of being persecuted in his last days by Louis XIV on account of his affinities to Jansenism. Another great name is Tillemont. In his will he thanked God for the holy education he had received at Port Royal,—“for which I bless Him with my whole heart, and for which I hope through His mercy that I shall bless Him throughout all eternity.” Gibbon thinks that the study of some periods in the pages of Tillemont is better than the study of the original authorities. In fact, every writer on Port Royal more or less constructs a biographical history, as name emerges after name fraught with the deepest interests and associations. The greatest name of Port Royal, after all, is that of Pascal, and of Pascal in this limited paper we must be almost silent, as we have elsewhere spoken of him before.* With his memory that of his sister Jacqueline should be added, eminent and holy among many eminent and holy women.

It is not only the great and the learned and the eloquent who have their associations with Port Royal. We will tell the story of a poor carter called Innocent Foi. He had a little freehold of his own which he sold, and gave the money to the poor. When his work was over he would go into the stables to pray, and after the nuns had given him a little room of his own, with a key, he used to shut himself up and copy out passages of Scripture that he might learn them by heart. He was a man who always took Scripture very literally, and so went very thinly clad, and obeyed faithfully the text, “Let him that hath two coats give unto him that hath none.” A gentleman one day called him a fool, and asked where he had learned to starve himself in that manner. Foi told him in the Bible. “You are an ignorant, stupid fellow,” said the gentleman, “and misunderstand it. You are the first poor person for whom you should keep your little property, and not leave yourself to die like a dog on a dunghill, and starve for weeks.” “No,” said Foi, “it is not wealth that can supply our real wants, but Providence, and if we do not submit our desires to him, we may, in the midst of wealth, not only suffer from real wants, but be tormented by multitudes of imaginary ones. When death comes, the conscience may be more tormented by superfluity than the body by want.”

About a fortnight after this conversation Innocent Foi died. He had not a penny in his pocket, it is true, but in his illness he was attended by six of the most illustrious men of science in France attached to Port Royal; he was nursed, not by hirelings, but lovingly and affectionately by the best and most eminent of the recluses, and he was borne to the grave with all the honour and love that all the community could render him. All this was a striking contrast with the end of the rich man. He lived, it is true, for many years in the utmost opulence. But the hirelings fled away from his bed of sickness, and the physician pronounced his doom to strangers. Even in this world Lazarus is oftener happier than Dives.

We now come more particularly to the great hero-champion of Port Royal and redoubtable doctor of the Sorbonne, Antoine Arnauld. He was the youngest of the score of children of the great barrister, Antoine Arnauld; a brother of Angélique and Agnes Arnauld and three other nuns; the *petit oncle*,

as he was familiarly called, of Le Maître, Sericourt, and De Saqi. St. Cyran had known and loved him, and marked him for a disciple of his own. The great Richelieu had wished to enlist his services, and had one day honoured him with an unexpected visit. Richelieu loved not those who loved not him. Although Antoine Arnauld had shown himself one of the most brilliant scholars and theologians of the day, Richelieu had opposed his doctorate degree in the Sorbonne, and he did not gain it until after the cardinal's death. His good mother, on her death-bed—she died as Sister Catherine at Port Royal de Paris—had sent him by Singlin a farewell message. “I beg you to say to my youngest son that, as God has engaged him to defend the truth, I exhort and conjure him never to relax in that labour, but to sustain it fearlessly, even at the peril of a thousand lives; and tell him I pray God that he may maintain the truth in humility, and not be puffed up by the knowledge of it, seeing that it is not his but belongs to God only.” Antoine Arnauld lived half a century after this event. During the whole of that time he laboured with restless energy and devotion. As if to verify his mother's parting words, his life was almost spent in controversy. He was persecuted for the truth's sake, and for more than thirty years lived in exile or concealment. When in extreme old age he was implored by his friend Nicolo to rest for awhile, he replied, “Rest? have I not all eternity to rest in?”

The writings of Arnauld in defence of Jansen eventually were honoured with a place in the *Index Expurgatorius*. When he first heard this, the words of Augustine recurred with sudden force to his mind: “Since they have prosecuted only the truth in me, help me, O Lord, that I may strive for the truth, even unto death.” All through his life he was the sturdy foe of the Jesuits and of the spirit of jesuitry. His first and most famous work, “The Book of Frequent Communions,” was one that steadily opposed the immorality and dangerous teachings of the Jesuits. A Jesuit confessor had promulgated the frightful doctrine that the Eucharist was simply a ceremonial form, and that the more destitute people are of grace the more frequently they ought to partake of it. It is to be feared that something like this dangerous doctrine is to be found among the mere religionists of the present day. Arnauld's whole soul revolted against this. He deplored the levity of heart with which unconverted persons approached the deep mysteries of the faith. He spoke of the necessity of producing genuine fruits of repentance. He said that there must be a real cessation from sin, and a heartfelt desire to relinquish evil before there could be any true forgiveness and absolution. He said that no repentance could be called evangelical while it arose solely from the fear of punishment without any admixture of true love to God. This book of Arnauld's attacked the Jesuits in their tenderest point, in their strongest stronghold, the confessional. The policy of the Jesuits was to brand this evangelical teaching as heresy. They spread everywhere the rumour that a new sect was springing up. The doctrine of repentance was everywhere opposed to their elaborate system of casuistry. The publication of this book of Antoine Arnauld, still in the lifetime of St. Cyran, was a great moment in the history of Port Royal.

* See two papers on “Pascal” in the “Sunday at Home” for 1892, and one on “Memorials of Pascal” in 1897.

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return to Port Royal des Champs. While she lived in the city her heart was still in the valley. She had always clung to the hope of returning there, and in her severest pecuniary straits she had refused to part with the carved work of the stalls for which her place was famous. At last, in 1647, she obtained permission from the Queen and the archbishop to go back. As we have seen, the Solitaires had done much to restore the whole place, and by careful drainage to diminish the special evils

cut off from Port Royal des Champs. There was hardly enough accommodation for the new comers. The rooms were too few, and these few rooms too scantily furnished. But no circumstances were too hard for the self-denial and resolution of the abbess and her flock. Once more the steady round of devotion and beneficence was renewed. Circumstances soon arose that taxed all their energies and benevolence to the utmost.

This was the breaking out of the Civil War



ANTOINE ARNAULD.

of malaria. Having done this good work, some of them were about to return to their farm on the hill, called Les Granges, and others to a house which had been taken for them in Paris. Before they thus parted they might at least welcome home Mère Angélique and the sisterhood. It was on a bright day in May that the little company set off for what may be called their homeward journey. The bells, pealing from the church tower, proclaimed the moment when they first reached the lanes of the monastery. The poor of the neighbourhood crowded into the courtyard to greet them. The Solitaires followed the nuns into the church, where a *Te Deum* was celebrated.

In a few days the strict rule of monastic seclusion was strictly enforced, and Les Granges was completely

of the Fronde. For some years this war was synchronistic with the unhappy Civil War in England, but it was carried on with far more bloodshed, and with far less intelligible ends. It is unnecessary to enter into any details of that most perplexed and difficult subject, the wars of the Fronde. It commenced with a day of *barricades*, an ominous word in French history, often to be tragically repeated. The suffering fell most heavily, as all sad suffering does, upon the poor, the people least able to bear it and least guilty of its causes. A lawless soldiery prowled all around Paris, subsisting on the peasantry. What we read of their sufferings forms a still more direful chapter than the hostile occupations in the recent Franco-Prussian war. The soldiers took away corn, forage, and horses from the homesteads. A hundred

and fifty poor people lived on the daily dole at the convent. The good nuns refused to fare any better than those whose wants they supplied. The country people brought into the convent all their poultry, their seeds, their farming utensils, their vegetables. "Take them for yourselves, if you will," they said; "we would rather you had them than the soldiers." They thought they had brought their goods to a place of security, and were well assured that they would be in honest keeping. Some of the hermits took charge of provisions from the convent into Paris. They also repaired the walls of Port Royal, and kept watch and ward about it. The first war of the Fronde ran a rapid course. Then there was a brief pause, but before the end of the year it broke out again. In that brief interlude the convent made close friends with the Duke and Duchess de Luynes.

In this second war Angélique and the sisters took refuge in Port Royal de Paris. The hermits then left Les Granges, and concentrated themselves in the monastic buildings. The Solitaires and the peasants were armed and drilled, three hundred in all, and the Duke de Luynes acted as leader. "The works on the abbey walls were pushed on like the fortifications of Jerusalem, sword in one hand, the trowel in the other," says Mr. Beard. In the absence of the nuns, the good Solitaires carried on a more peaceful and lasting work for their benefit. They thoroughly renovated the conventual buildings. They raised the church floor eight feet, and built a dormitory of seventy-two cells. "Before now," said the Mère Angélique, "we had gentlemen shoemakers; now we have a duke and a peer for clerk of the works." Some five hundred poor men were maintained in constant work by these repairs and alterations. Many more were dependent on the convent alms. The soup kitchen was kept in incessant work. The cook complained to the Duc de Luynes that his warlike preparations interfered with her cooking: "My dear sir, my large boiler is a great cannon, too, and must be set up again, if you please." About four hundred nuns were hospitably received one year of the war. On one occasion thirty-two nuns, driven away at nightfall from their own convent, came to Port Royal. The good nuns hospitably received them, and sacrificed their dinner next day to give their guests a supper that night. We ought to mention that the warlike preparations at Port Royal never resulted in anything like war. The pious de Saçi mourned over the warlike aspect of things. He waited his time, and then implored his friends to lay aside their weapons, and place no dependence on the arm of flesh. Sir James Stephen eloquently describes the result: "At an instant the whole aspect of Port Royal was changed. Students returned to their books, penitents to their cells, and handicraftsmen to their ordinary labours. It was a change as sudden and as complete as when, at the bidding of the genius, the crowded bridge and the rushing river disappeared from the eyes of Mirza, leaving before him nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing on the sides of it."

And now the story of Port Royal more continuously connects itself with broader interests, and forms an integral part of ecclesiastical history. Reformed Port Royal had simply been an offshoot of a mighty order, which had gained some repute, partly through its proximity to Paris, from the reformation which

had been so thoroughly carried out within its walls. It now begins more distinctly to connect itself with the great ecclesiastical movement within the Church of Rome, which is known as Jansenism, but which might be broadly designated as latent Protestantism. It should, however, be well understood that the Jansenists themselves steadily protested against the imputation of Protestantism, and thought to arrest what they regarded as heresy. They even stepped out of their way to attack the writings of Protestants. *O sancta simplicitas!* was John Huss's famous phrase. In all its broader lines there was something essentially and genuinely Protestant in that Jansenist movement with which Port Royal is so thoroughly identified. If the Port Royalists did not know—did not recognise this themselves, their enemies, with a keen instinct, seem to have divined it. In the issue the King, the Pope, the Jesuits, all combined to crush all embers of spiritual light. It was almost the last effort of pious Romanists to produce from within their own pale a reformation analogous to the Reformation of the sixteenth century. It was well-nigh the last chance for unhappy France to be spared the darkness and horror of the impending tragedy to her history.

Dr. Tregelles has well said: "It may be asked, How could men possessed of so much light as Jansenius and St. Cyran and their many followers live and die in acknowledged fellowship with the Church of Rome?" To explain this strange inconsistency we may refer to Martin Luther. He had learned the Gospel of Christ, but it was the acting of Rome against him that taught him the depth of evil that is found in the Romish system. Thus, in his earlier preaching, it is said of him by Melancthon, "He explained that sin is freely pardoned on account of God's Son, and that man receives this blessing through faith. He in no way interfered with the usual ceremonies. The established discipline had not in all his order a more faithful observer and defender. But he laboured more to make all understand the grand and essential doctrines of conversion, of the forgiveness of sins, of faith, and of the true consolations of the cross." This may explain an inconsistency which, in itself, can never be defended. In the midst of all their austerities we believe that the Port Royalists committed great practical errors in their conduct of life corresponding to large doctrinal errors in their theological system. But, as we read of their faith, and patience, and trials, and endurance, and good works, we recall the message of the angel to the church of Sardis: "Nevertheless, these are those who have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

Jansenism was, in its essence, a protest and revolt against Jesuitism. Jesuitism and Roman Catholicism at large had nominally acknowledged the authority of the great Latin father Augustine and of the Scriptures. But the truth was ignored or disturbed which the Scriptures taught, and which Augustine had educed from them. The Church of Rome fully acknowledged the authority of Augustine, but not that doctrine of Justification by Faith which Augustine taught. There was a time when in Italy, by the remarkable society called the Oratory of Divine Love, containing such men as Cardinals Pole and Contarini, the true doctrine was held, and Cardinal Pole entreated the council not to reject a true doctrine because it was held by Luther. Even at

the Council of Trent, the justification through faith was the worst doctrine of a sharp Catholicism almost everywhere in the Church in the sixteenth century. The grace only given by Faith, negative, Lainez, instrument, time cannot contest. The question and from Calvinism always one general can do the grace may have we have say, red that we faith to spiritual the nation the Jansenists.

Thus, and Port chiefly To the should Port Royal allies and orthodox were drawn and it was condemned some fifty which The provincial side, fixed on their to immortal the five suited that immortal of condemnation Jansenism convent worketh imposed Jansenism hope he New Testament the five "Augustine was with "they are condemned of Jansenism be found

the Council of Trent there were a few who ascribed justification simply and solely to the merits of Christ through faith. But the general effect of the council was that it crystallized into hard dogmatic form the worst doctrinal errors of the Church of Rome. Then a sharp hard line was for ever drawn between Roman Catholicism and the Reformed Communion. It seemed almost enough that the Reformers held a truth that the Church of Rome should emphatically condemn it in the decrees of Trent. The Reformers held that the grace of God and the merits of Christ were the only grounds of our acceptance, while Justification by Faith, the *articulus cadentis vel stantis ecclesie*, was negated by the council. The Jesuits, especially Lainez, the third general of the order, were great instruments in procuring the adoption of the Tridentine canons and anathemas. In 1588 began the great contest between the Dominicans and the Molinists. The question was the most entangled one of grace and free-will, on those points commonly called Calvinistical, on some of which good men differ and always will differ. The Jansenistic view was the one generally received by the Reformers—that we can do no good works acceptable to God without the grace of God by Christ “preventing” us that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that good will. It would also be correct to say, reducing the controversy to still simpler grounds, that we must have “repentance towards God, and faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ;” and these great spiritual truths, so long obscured, and so revolting to the natural mind, were strenuously proclaimed by the Jansenists.

Thus, the body most inimical to Jansenism and Port Royal was the Jesuits, and the man who chiefly irritated the Jesuits was Antoine Arnauld. To the Jesuits it was simply horrible that he should employ his pen in peace amid the bowers of Port Royal, and surrounded by a faithful band of allies and companions. An attack was made on the orthodoxy of the “Augustinus.” Five propositions were drawn therefrom by the Jesuit Father Cornet, and it was asked that they should be specifically condemned. These five propositions only occupy some fifteen lines of print, but the controversy to which they have given rise forms a library in itself. The controversy drew forth the inimitable “Provincial Letters” of Pascal, which, on their literary side, fixed and crystallized the French language, and, on their moral side, held up what is called Jesuitry to immortal infamy. After many a stormy conflict, the five propositions were formally condemned. It suited the political purpose of Cardinal Mazarin that immediate effect should be given to the edict of condemnation. So intense was the horror of Jansenism, that a bishop, hearing a reader in a convent refectory reading the words, “God who worketh in us to will and to do,” immediately imposed silence, and ordered the book containing the Jansenistic proposition to be brought to him. We hope he was ashamed when he found that it was the New Testament. The indefatigable Arnauld combated the designs of the Jesuits. He declared that the five propositions were not to be found in the “Augustinus” of Jansen. “If they are there,” it was wittily remarked by the famous De Grammont, “they are there *incognito*.” Arnauld was willing to condemn the five propositions in the “Augustinus” of Jansen, or in any other book where they might be found, only he desired that they were to be

found in the “Augustinus.” The Port Royalists all declared that they denied that the propositions expound Jansen’s opinions or their own. The Sorbonne condemned Arnauld, and Arnauld thought it best to go into hiding. Then the decree went forth to crush Port Royal, and its fate was only prevented by the incident of the so-called “Holy Thorn.”

NEW GUINEA.

III.

WE continue the report of the Crischona missionaries in New Guinea, prepared, as we before explained, in answer to the questions of one of the German scientific societies.

17. *Are their voyages of any length and duration? What goods are brought from other islands? What goods are most sought for by them? How, in sailing, do they direct their course; and do they ever lose sight of land?*

The seafaring Papuans are, of course, those living on the coast, not the Arfakers of the interior. Those of Doreh and Mansinam go to Amberbaki, Slavatti, and Tidore, and sometimes as far as Ceram. From Amberbaki they fetch tobacco, rice, and slaves, and from Slavatti, sago. The articles of commerce exported are generally *karet* or tortoise-shell, *tripang*, *massol*, *sago*, and dried fish, which are severally exchanged for choppers, axes, iron, blue and white cotton cloth, *sarongs*, corals, pottery, and other objects. As a rule, some ships come annually from Ternate and Menado, which remain from January to July, and they visit most of the coasts and islands, not omitting the Naked Papuans.

Formerly the Mefoors went as pirates to the more westerly islands of the Molukkan archipelago, and many stories of their robbing the women of Boeroe, and killing all the males they could reach, are reported. On one occasion the poor women, when brought to New Guinea, could not endure the mode of Papuan living, and they soon died out, leaving their children behind them, who infused new blood among the curly-headed Papuans.

As long as possible, the voyagers hang to the sight of the coast, and they go by that only, which they can do in going to Amberbaki and Slavatti; but in going to Tidore they have to give up the sight of land for a short time, but never for long, as the sea is dotted with islands, all of which they happen to know by name. At times they consult the *Samfar*, or Venus, as the evening star.

18. *What ceremonies do they observe when building a house or a boat, at the birth of a child, at a wedding, in sickness, or at a funeral? How do they bury their dead, and what sign is planted upon the grave?*

In building their houses no ceremonies are observed, beyond that they are careful lest they should use a tree which is, or has been, inhabited by evil spirits. To make certain on this point, they bribe the spirits, by means of tobacco, to emigrate to another tree not far off in the first instance. If a tree is difficult to be cut down, they take for granted that it is because of some evil spirit dwelling in it, and they quietly desist from their work. But the parties who attempted the cutting of the tree must bring an offering if they would escape being punished by sickness. Also no one is to think of building a house

before he is convinced that the place is quite free from evil-minded spirits.

There are many ceremonies to be observed before building a *room seram*, or a temple. The piles or pillars are cut out very solemnly, and when brought into the village for the purpose of having the figures carved which have been spoken of, there is firing of guns and shouting on all sides. Weeks before the temple is commenced there are nights of song, dancing, and feasting, especially during the carving of the figures which are to adorn the building. As it is the idol-house or temple of the whole village, every one takes part in the undertaking. But if the pillars of some are finished before those of the other parties, there is the greatest chance of a conflict between the over-jealous builders; and they must, at all events, be put into the ground together.

When the temple is finished, a general feast is made on a very grand scale: and when all are satisfied, the remainder of the sago pap, *sui*, is made into little balls, which are playfully thrown at each other, and the one and the other being hit causes loud laughter in the assembly. This throwing sago pellets at each other by way of amusement also takes place at the building of ordinary dwelling-houses.

Touching the birth of their children, it may be observed that they seldom have more than one or two living children, and they are said to take care that the number should not be exceeded. On the birth of a child the mother receives a new name. No blind or crippled child is ever seen about. If a son be born, the elder brother of the father has the same right as the parents. If a daughter be born, the elder sister of the mother has the same right over the child as the mother, till the parents are recognised by the children, on which occasion they receive a name. Some time later the children receive presents, and the persons presenting the gifts dress themselves fantastically from head to foot in a long garment.

That the names are later exchanged has been already observed, the first occasion being when the children put on their first clothes, and when the girls become marriageable. Later still, any one can change his name, only he must give notice of his intention to the whole village, and to call him after that by his old name would be an insult to his person.

As in most eastern lands, the parents choose the wife for their son whilst he himself is as yet quite young. The dowry is determined, which is to be given to the family of the bride, and consists sometimes of from four to ten slaves, and even more; but as soon as all is fixed and arranged, the young couple are not permitted to see each other, or to speak to each other, or to recognise one another; or even to mention the name of one another is prohibited till the day of the wedding. If accidentally they meet each other, the bride must flee from the espoused bridegroom as from an enemy; she must shut her eyes and avoid seeing him, looking quite in another direction.

When the wedding-day is fixed, about fourteen days before, the sound of the drum and other music is heard to announce the event. When the night arrives, a procession of the bridegroom and of his friends is formed with torchlight to go to the house of the bride, when the two affianced persons must sit before the company back to back. The person who is to perform the ceremony then chews some ginger, puts the right hands of the people together, and breathes the odour of the ginger between both their hands, encouraging them to live together in

love and peace. After this a gun is fired, as a signal that the act of marriage is accomplished. But the newly-married couple remain in their sitting posture, back to back, all the night through, and watchers are appointed, who are to see that they do not move from the spot or change their position. At daybreak the bridegroom returns to his own home, and the night following he returns to his bride to spend the night in exactly the same way as before, and this is repeated from five to seven days, the watchers ever being close at hand; and when at last they are left to themselves, the bridegroom spends some time in the house of the bride, and from thence they are escorted to their own home amidst music and song.

In the domestic life the husband takes liberties which are not granted to the wife. Monogamy, however, prevails among the Papuans, though the husband may marry two or three wives, which is, however, always fraught with great danger to the peace of the establishment, and as a rule the one or the other runs away, and thus the necessary equilibrium is restored in the house and family.

The prevailing sicknesses are fevers, which constitute the plague of natives and of Europeans; and before the jungle of New Guinea is reduced to proper limits, we cannot expect that the evil will be remedied. They have two monsoons, and the rich vegetation naturally retains the moisture of the climate during the dry seasons.

Europeans, to keep free from fever, must at least once a week take a few grains of quinine, which dare not be omitted and which cannot be neglected without suffering for it. Besides fever the natives suffer from skin disease, from abscesses, and the majority seem to be afflicted with scurvy, which they never throw off if once they have it. It is supposed that the flesh of the turtle, the salt fish, and the snails which they eat, to a great extent are the cause of it.

The fever-stricken patients are put in the sun in the cool season, or laid on a couch which is placed near a fire. In the hot season a cold bath is prescribed to the sick person. Decoctions of herbs are also made and administered, and no wonder the sicknesses are long and tedious, which with a sufficient quantity of quinine could be quickly removed.

If a case becomes very bad, then all the wise heads of the village are called together to consult as to the steps to be taken. The result of these consultations ends, as a rule, that an evil spirit is at the bottom of the illness of the patient, and if they predict an adverse issue of the sickness, the poor creatures are generally neglected and pretty much left to themselves; this naturally hastens on death, which otherwise might have been averted by proper means and kind, judicious nursing.

During the epidemic of the smallpox many were supposed to have been buried alive in the tremendous haste with which they remove their dead.

As soon as a person dies, cocoanuts are cut down, to afford them sustenance in another life; but the first thing heard is the howl and the bitter lamentations of the survivors; if the dead were highly esteemed, no sound of music is heard for a good while in the village where they died. The shroud is put on the corpse whilst held up in a standing position, and consists of a white cotton cloth; the ornaments of the departed are put on his body, and the whole body is then covered with a mat, and thus carried to the grave, which they are very careful that it be not too large. When buried, food is deposited upon the

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grave for several days, and in the case of an infant, some of the mother's milk. Widows more especially are frequently seen to visit the graves of their late husbands to make lamentations.

If they have done long and faithful service, the slaves, too, are buried in the same way, but if they have been only recently bought they are thrown into the sea with a rope round their neck.

A murdered person is always allowed to lie where he falls, as they dread the spirit of the departed, and a great noise is made by the blowing of the Triton shell to chase away the soul or the spirit from the locality where the murder has been committed.

On Aropen the body is not buried at once, but dried and slowly roasted over the fire. The fragments of skin which drop away are afterwards wound up with the body in a blue cotton cloth, and hung up in the house under the roof. If the dried mummy-like corpse should become moist and rot, it is removed to a little house built on purpose till it utterly decays.

19. *Are all the inhabitants of New Guinea dark Papuans with crispy hair, or are there in the interior long-haired people with lighter colour?*

This cannot be fully answered before we have penetrated the interior of the island, nor can the descent of the Papuans be traced with positive certainty. The Malay word *papoeah*, woolly, crispy-haired, is derived by some from the Manilla root, where it signifies dark brown. In the Papuan tongue itself the word signifies "different sorts of trifling things," which, evidently, will help us very little. But there is no doubt that the term Papua is applied alike to the people on the coast and to the natives of the interior. And, as far as we know, the whole of New Guinea and the adjacent islands are inhabited by woolly-headed people, passing from brown to black, and they are evidently of the same stock.

Excepting the children of the women who had been stolen from the more western islands, and who died soon, from perhaps being broken-hearted, no long-haired people are known in New Guinea. Some are not darker than the Malays or the people from Makkassar, yet the mass are much darker, though not so black as the Australians. The hair is black and woolly, though with a few it has a shade of brown.*

The so-called Albinos are to be found among the Papuans as among the negroes, the hair too being white and grisly, and though otherwise healthy, yet they cannot bear the light, and are usually seen with half-closed eyes.

The Papuan as a rule is well built, of middle stature, and the majority do not reach five feet. The Arfakers are usually more slender and light-footed. Yet the division of seafaring and inland people does not touch their race or character, for both are clearly of the same stock; nor have they as yet mixed with any of their neighbours.

20. *What is the relation of the villages to each other; how do they carry on their usual animosities; and how restore peace among themselves; and what is the relation of the dwellers on the coast with those of the interior?*

The close connection of all the coast tribes establishes on the whole a friendly feeling, and if one

of the Mefoors happens to be killed by another tribe, they are all of them concerned in avenging the murder, and none of them will taste anything from the offending tribe before the murder has been avenged and peace re-established. There are occasionally animosities between the four branches of the Mefoors, which are called Amberpon, Anggradifu, Rumansra, and Amberpur, but if two of the four branches quarrel, they are generally allowed to right themselves. Sometimes, too, it may happen that the same village is a house divided against itself.

The first declaration of war is always made by the cutting down of the cocoanut-trees, and hostilities may burst out in a single day on the slightest provocation. Very often it needs no provocation, and the sailors of prows which have come to trade, if they see other prows, and feel strong enough to do so, will attack the weaker party, so that flight is frequently the only remedy. If the enemies or robbers have lighter prows or better sails, they will easily overtake those that are seeking to escape. On overtaking them they commence shooting arrows, and if the attack be answered, and one of them be wounded or killed, they are all doomed to die, but if they yield without further resistance, they are made slaves and carried away.

The sound of the Triton-shell, which if the wind be favourable is heard at times several miles' distance, rouses the inhabitants of a village, and inquiry is at once made who is missing or absent at the time. If some one is found to have been robbed or kidnapped, those that have been taken away are at first redeemed peaceably, but sooner or later an expedition is made against the aggressors, in which every tribe is made to join. The prows are made to hide somewhere near a village, and if some one falls into their hands and blood has been shed they retire, feeling that satisfaction has been made.

If the offending tribe cannot be reached, strange enough, a neighbouring tribe is attacked, and the tribe attacked, perfectly understanding that it was meant for another tribe, instead of retaliating, at once attacks the tribe for whom it was intended. Thus if the Mansinams happen to rob and kill some of the Arfakers, and if the Arfakers see no chance of punishing the Mansinams in a direct way, they go and attack the Dorehs, and kill some one, but the Dorehs, instead of falling upon the Arfakers, go and attack the Mansinams who have given the first offence, and who thus receive their punishment second-hand.

Warfare as a rule is nothing more than robbing, killing, kidnapping, as the one and the other can be done with impunity; the weak ones are always surprised by the stronger, and if no human life is lost during the attack, the conquered are generally made prisoners, except in cases where murder has to be avenged.

If peace is about to be made, notice has to be given mutually, when a day is fixed for the purpose. Has the killing been mutual? then the persons that suffered the loss must first of all be indemnified. The value of a human life is generally fixed from thirty to fifty florins. The ceremonies of making peace are very singular, but not very complicated; a small bamboo, which has been filled with chalk, is produced and held fast by one of each party. The one that suffered the loss takes hold of the bamboo from above, and the one that had committed the wrong takes hold of it from below. The one holding

* The natives on the north-east are all of a light-made, copper-coloured race, many of them handsome, intelligent-looking men, and have been thought of Malay descent, and it is of some importance to find out how these two races happen to live together on the same large island.—J. M. A.

the bamboo from above then splits the bamboo with a knife, so that the chalk falls on the hands of the murderer, by which act his crime is expiated, peace is re-established, all is forgiven and forgotten, and the former friendship is restored.

In answer to the last question, as to the relation of the coast people to those of the interior, it may be enough to state that it greatly resembles that which exists among themselves. Robbery and murder are never left unavenged; even if a traveller falls ill and dies, his life is required, and as the innocent sufferer will naturally seek to revenge himself again, these feuds become sometimes interminable. That the mountaineers are more savage will appear from the fact that they cut the bodies of their victims to pieces, around which they dance and sing. The Karoners are reported to be cannibals; but it must not be supposed there is no intercourse between the coast people and those of the interior, for in times of peace the former go up country to obtain tobacco from the Arfakers, in exchange for corals, knives, and choppers.

The Mefoors have their certain men among the Amberbakiers from whom they purchase, and who may not sell their goods to any other people without exposing themselves to punishment—a sad hindrance to commerce, and one which makes the consumer dependent upon the arbitrary conduct of the parties concerned.

(To be continued.)

ATTWOOD OF THE THOUSAND POUND CHEQUES.

A RELATIVE of the late Benjamin Attwood asks us to correct an error in the statements that went the round of the newspapers after the death of this millionaire. He was not a bachelor, but a married man, without family, and long a widower. He adopted a niece, and brought her up from childhood. She lived under his roof till she married—without the consent of her uncle, who never forgave the offence, and never was reconciled to her. The lady and her husband now live at Tottenham, respected not less in the lack of the lost fortune.

With regard to Mr. Attwood's life we have received some particulars, of which the following may be of general interest. He was a member of the well-known banking family of Attwood, but not personally connected with the bank at Birmingham. He amassed a fortune as a glass merchant, having an office in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London, where the Royal Hotel now stands. He was also largely interested in the General Steam Navigation Company, and frequently went voyages in their vessels. Upon one occasion he visited the late Emperor Napoleon in Paris.

He lived for many years of his life in the Grove End Road, St. John's Wood. He was a Fellow of the Zoological Society, and also of the Royal Botanical Society, which in its earlier years he aided by his purse and efforts. He was always ready to help any local charities, invariably requiring that his name should not be published. He usually attended a Baptist chapel in that neighbourhood.

Probably his great wealth was not known or suspected, or the demands upon him would have

been heavy and unceasing. His wife, who died in 1853, was a large-hearted, generous woman, and had probably much influence in the disposition of his means.

In his later years he gave his donations almost entirely through his bankers, and the secret of the much-discussed cheques was well sustained. We are assured, however, that the total said to have been given has been greatly exaggerated. From the generally suitable and praiseworthy objects which he assisted, we should fancy that his banker helped him with his counsel; at least, he is a man of Christian and truly catholic spirit. It was not by his advice, certainly, that a cheque of the usual munificent amount came to the Swedenborgian Society for the purchase of the works of the Swedish enthusiast, to distribute among ministers of various denominations.

In recording the large and generous gifts of Mr. Attwood, it is right to mention that surprise has been felt that he did nothing to relieve the dire distress caused by the failure of the Attwood bank of Birmingham. It is true there was no legal claim, nor even any moral claim, yet it might have been in good taste and right feeling to have helped in such a calamity. An unusual proportion of the depositors were people in middle and humble life, and some aid to them would have been well-bestowed in generous charity. Other members of the Attwood family were applied to and refused to assist. Benjamin was not asked, so far as we have heard, but he must have been well aware of the circumstances of that ruinous affair.

Divisection.*

DEAR little friend who, day by day,
Before the door of home
Art ready waiting till thy master come,
With monitory paw and noise,
Swelling to half-delirious joys,
Whether my path I take
By leafy coverts known to thee before,
Where the gay coney loves to play,
Or the loud pheasant whirls from out the brake
Unharm'd by us, save for some frolic chase,
Or innocent panting race;
Or who, if by the sunny river's side
Haply my steps I turn,
With loud petition constantly doth yearn
To fetch the whirling stake from the warm tide;
Who, if I chide thee, grovellest in the dust,
And dost forgive me, though I am unjust,
Blessing the hand that smote; who with fond love
Gazest, and fear for me, such as doth move
Those finer souls which know, yet may not see,
And are wrapp'd round and lost in ecstasy;—

And thou, dear little friend and soft,
Breathing a gentle air of hearth and home;
Whose low purr to the lonely ear doth oft
With deep refreshment come;
Though thy quick nature is not frank and gay
As that one's, yet with graceful play
Thou dost beguile the evenings, and dost sit
With mien demurely fit;

* From "Songs of Two Worlds." (H. S. King.)

With half-closed eyes, as in a dream
Responsive to the singing steam,
Most delicately clean and white,
Thou baskest in the flickering light ;
Quick-tempered art thou, and yet, if a child
Molest thee, pitiful and mild ;
And always thy delight is, simply neat,
To seat thee faithful at thy master's feet ;—

And thou, good friend and strong,
Who art the docile labourer of the world ;
Who groanest when the battle mists are curled
On the red plain ; who toilest all day long
To make our gain or sport ; who art the care
That cleanses idle lives, which, but for thee
And thy pure, noble nature, perhaps might sink
To lower levels, born of lust and drink,
And half-forgotten sloughs of infamy,
Which desperate souls could dare ;—
And ye, fair timid things, who lightly play
By summer woodlands at the close of day ;—
What are ye all, dear creatures, tame or wild ?
What other nature yours than of a child,
Whose dumbness finds a voice mighty to call,
In wordless pity, to the souls of all
Whose lives I turn to profit, and whose mute
And constant friendship links the man and brute ?
Shall I consent to raise
A torturing hand against your few and evil days ?

Shall I indeed delight
To take your helpless kinsmen, fast and bound,
And while ye lick my hand
Lay bare your veins and nerves in one red wound,
Divide the sentient brain ;
And while the raw flesh quivers with the pain,
A calm observer stand,
And drop in some keen acid, and watch it bite
The writhing life : wrench the still beating heart,
And with calm voice and bland, meanwhile discourse,
To boys who jeer and sicken as they gaze,
Of the great Goddess Science and her gracious ways ?

Great Heaven ! this shall not be, this present hell,
And none denounce it ; well I know, too well,
That Nature works by ruin and by wrong,
Taking no care for any but the strong,
Taking no care. But we are more than she ;
We touch to higher levels ; a higher Love
Doth through our being move.
Though we know all our benefits bought by blood,
And that by suffering only reach we good,
Yet not with mocking laughter, nor in play,
Shall we give death, or carve a life away.

And if it be indeed
For some vast gain of knowledge, I might give
These humble lives that live,
And for the race should bid the victim bleed,
Only for some great gain,
Some counterpoise of pain ;
And that with solemn soul and grave,
Like him who from the fire 'scapes, or the flood,
Who would save all, ay, with his heart's best blood,
But of his children choose which to save !

Surely a man should scorn
To owe his woe to others' death and pain !
Sure 'twere no real gain

To batten on lives so weak and so forlorn !
Nor were it right indeed
To do for others what for self were wrong.
'Tis but the same dead creed,
Preaching the naked triumph of the strong ;
And for this Goddess Science, hard and stern,
We shall not let her priests torment and burn :
We fought the priest before, and not in vain ;
And as we fought before, so will we fight again.

Varieties.

CHANTILLY.—Charles V, Charles IX, and Henry IV were entertained within its walls, and it was there that the Grand Condé received Louis XIV, expending 200,000 livres in the festivities. Joseph II of Austria, Gustavus III of Sweden, and Paul I of Russia also visited Chantilly shortly before the Revolution. When the Restoration came, the Condé princes found that the old chateau had been destroyed, although the smaller building still existed. The estate had been sold in lots, and the forest was the property of the Queen Hortense. What remained of the building was so dilapidated that when the Emperor Nicholas visited it in 1815 the ceiling of the galleries was not watertight, and umbrellas had to be hoisted. The Prince de Condé restored the chateau and re-purchased portions of the estate, bequeathing the property to the Duc d'Aumale, who continued the work of restoration until the Revolution of 1848 drove him into exile. Under the decrees of 1852 Chantilly was brought to the hammer, and fell into the hands of Messrs. Coutts, the London bankers, being tenanted successively by Lord Cowley, M. Duchatel, and the Duc de la Tremouille. On the fall of the empire it became again the property of the Duc d'Aumale, who there entertained the Prince of Wales last autumn.

MACAULAY'S MOTHER.—Lord Macaulay, the great essayist and historian, wrote these words :—"Children, look in those eyes ; listen to that dear voice ; notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand ! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes ; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends ; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep ; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard ; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

SURPRISE MEETINGS.—The Americans have many odd and peculiar, but very kind and practically useful, customs. Here is a correspondent's account of what happened to himself, a minister of an out-of-the-way township in Texas :—"Last Friday night, about eight o'clock, whilst quietly chatting in my study with a few friends—who, I think, were a kind of advance guard—there was a loud ring of the door bell, and on answering it I found the yard and sidewalk full of people, both old and young. In they poured until I hardly had standing room to offer them. I started back to open the dining-room, when I was told by a ringleader that I had no business there, and to go back to my study. So I instantly beat a retreat. After a while one of the 'banditti' began to make a speech, to which I, of course, was expected to reply. But who could make a speech in the fix I was in, not even allowed the liberty of my own house ? I think the weakness of the effort must have satisfied every one that I needed a little more food somewhere. In the meantime persons were roaming all over the house, through kitchen, dining-room, and pantry ; some of them were opening bureau-drawers and sewing-machine. In the course of a couple of hours they began to leave, and with my wife I

went to see what damage had been done. We soon found that our house had not only been *mobbed*, but *sacked*, for all around could be seen samples of almost everything—sacks of flour, coffee, sugar, hams, etc., etc., down to dresses, bolts of cloth, and window shades. On the mantelpieces were the most beautiful bouquets, and next morning in the dressing-case was found a purse of money, and a small envelope inscribed 'the widow's mite.' The name by which such occurrences are known is 'surprise meetings,' and no doubt if they become an institution in the 'old country' they will deserve the name there as they do here."

MINING POPULATION IN FORMER TIMES.—At the last Social Science Congress, held at Glasgow, the President, Lord Rosebery, referred to the slavery or serfdom of the Scottish miners at no remote period. Mr. Macdonald, M.P., thus spoke on the same subject at a meeting of the Agricultural Labourers' Union at Birmingham:—"From about the year 1445 until 1775 the miners of Scotland were bought and sold with the soil. It was stated in old chronicles that bloodhounds were kept to trace them if they left their employment, and to bring them back again. The statute law was that miners were bound to work all days in the year, except Paschal and Yule, and if they did not work they were to be 'whipped in the bodies for the glory of God'—he confessed he could not understand that—and 'for the good of their masters.' It was in 1775 that a law was first passed to try and remove that state of things. The law, however, was ineffectual, for the grasp of the mineowners and chiefly of the landowners was too powerful for the law. It was not until 1799 that the law was passed which gave the working miner freedom. Long before that, the sympathies of the people of England had been extended to the men of colour, while the men of Scotland and some parts of England, who were helping to build up the greatness of the country, were slaves in every sense of the term. Fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters, all worked in the pit. From 1775 to 1799 the miners had to resort to secret combinations to endeavour to get their freedom, and those combinations led to their obtaining it. He told them that in the town of Birmingham, where there had recently been speaking a man whom he honoured as much as any man—Mr. John Bright. He honoured Mr. Bright for the services he had rendered his country; but at the same time he took exception to him when he gave false teaching, and in the town of Birmingham he gave it a distinct and direct contradiction. Mr. Bright objected to any interference by Government between the employers and the employed. How were the conditions under which the miners once laboured improved? Was it by the law of supply and demand? Was it through the efforts of the clergy and the bishops? The manufacturers? The mineowners? No, the men themselves determined to release their daughters and wives and the future mothers of the community from the degraded position they were placed in, and said they should no longer work in the mines. They went time after time to the Legislature. They were bound by every tie with which men could be fettered. They were paid once in three months; he had heard the men declare that for the whole year round they never saw her Majesty's coin, because the masters would feed and clothe them, and make them spend the whole of their money in the truck and Tommy shops. The masters had their bodies and their money and everything, and the men released themselves. They went to Parliament, and they were helped by a good and great man—the Earl of Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley. He raised his voice, and the men agitated and agitated until first the law of truck was struck out, and next families were delivered from the mines. There were many other things from which the miners suffered, but they went to Parliament year after year, and got on step by step, until now, he ventured to say, their position as a class was the first of any body of labourers in the world."

THE CARDINAL'S OATH.—The following is the oath taken by Dr. Manning on his elevation to the cardinalate, as quoted from the text furnished to Lord Palmerston, in 1850, by the British Minister at Turin:—"I, ———, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, do promise and swear that, from this time to my life's end, I will be faithful and obedient unto St. Peter, the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, and our most Holy Lord the Pope, and his successors, canonically and lawfully elected; that I will give no advice, consent, or assistance against the Pontifical Majesty and person; that I will never knowingly or advisedly, to their injury or disgrace, make public the counsels entrusted to me by themselves, or by messengers or letters (from them); also that I will give them any assistance in retaining, defending, and recovering the Roman Papacy and the regalia of Peter with all my might and endeavour, so far as

the rights and privileges of my order will allow it, and will defend against all their honour and state; that I will direct and defend, with due form and honour, the legates and nuncios of the Apostolic See in the territories, churches, monasteries, and other benefices committed to my keeping; that I will cordially co-operate with them and treat them with honour in their coming, abiding, and returning, and that I will resist unto blood all persons whatsoever who shall attempt anything against them; that I will by every way and by every means strive to preserve, augment, and advance the rights, honours, privileges, the authority of the Holy Roman Bishop our Lord the Pope and his before-mentioned successors; and that at whatever time anything shall be decided to their prejudice, which it is out of my power to hinder, as soon as I shall know that any steps or measures have been taken (in the matter), I will make it known to the same our Lord, or his before-mentioned successors, or to some other person by whose means it may be brought to their knowledge; that I will keep and carry out, and cause others to keep and carry out, the rules the Holy Father, the decrees, ordinances, dispensations, reservations, provisions, apostolic mandates and constitutions of the Holy Pontiff Sixtus of happy memory, as to visiting the thresholds of the apostles at certain prescribed times, according to the tenor of that which I have just read through; that I will seek out and oppose, persecute, and fight against [Latin—*omni conatu persecuturum et impugnaturum*] heretics, schismatics, against the same our Lord the Pope and his before-mentioned successors, with every possible effort." The remainder of the oath provides in detail not to sell or give away, or otherwise alienate any Church property without due authority; to maintain the "constitution of the blessed Pius" of 1567, and the declarations of his successors, particularly those of Innocent VIII, 1592. It also engages to maintain the Papal claims to various Italian cities, and closes with the words—"I will not seek absolution from any of the foregoing articles, but reject it if it be offered me (or in no way accept it if offered), so help me God, and these most holy Gospels." How can any British subject, much more an Englishman by birth, reconcile honest allegiance to the Queen, the constitution, and laws, with this complete and abject devotion to a foreign pontificate?

SOME CATERPILLARS OF THE CURRANT.—There are two caterpillars belonging to the group *GEOMETRINA*, common enough, which partakes freely of the leaves of the gooseberry and currant (*Ribes*). Though caterpillars frequently resemble the plants upon which they feed—some looking like brown and withered sticks, others having the appearance of the green stems of leaves, and some being so exactly the colour of the plants upon which they are found as to be with the greatest difficulty detected—one of those to which I wish to allude does not bear the faintest resemblance to its food-plant, and may therefore easily fall a prey to the birds, who are ever upon the watch, more vigorously, perhaps, in fruit gardens than elsewhere. The moth of this caterpillar is familiarly called the "magpie," from its black and white colouring, or the currant moth (*Abraaxa grossulariata*). The caterpillar, like the moth, is marked principally with black and white, or rather black and cream colour. That it may at once be recognised when found, I will describe its appearance. The back is velvety black, divided by cross-bars of pale cream colour, with a stripe of the same colour along each side of it; in the lower part of this stripe are two rows of black velvety spots, the upper ones being smaller and less numerous. The spiracular line is reddish flesh colour, with some black markings in the cream-coloured ground below; spiracles and head black. The egg from which this larva is produced is laid during the summer upon the gooseberry or currant, and probably blackthorn, and being shortly hatched, the caterpillar appears and feeds for a time; then, being aware of the deciduous nature of the tree upon which it finds itself, it folds around it the leaves of the plant, and lashing them firmly to the stem, there remains all the winter through. The injury to the tree is not done when the caterpillar is young; it is after its winter's sleep, when it comes forth in the spring and early summer, that mischief is done, and the caterpillar should be destroyed. The other larva which often devours the currant-trees is that of the V-moth (*Halio Wavaria*); it is much more brilliant in its colouring, and not so easily distinguishable as the one just mentioned, being of a green colour, somewhat resembling the leaves of the currant. The colour is greyish green, rather yellower on the dorsal surface of each segment; on each side of each segment is a large bright yellow mark, in which are three black spots. There are numerous black spots on the body and head, from each of which protrudes a hair; the head is grey, spotted with black. The moth, which is a very plain one, appears in July.—OWEN WILSON.

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